


MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
ON THE
LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF
JOHN N. SHACKLEFORD
AND
REUBEN PERRY SHINN



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W. Va. P³~Z



JOHN N. SHACKLEFORD

GLENVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA

Late a Member of the Senate from the Tenth Senatorial District



REUBEN PERRY SHINN

RIPLEY, WEST VIRGINIA

Late a Member of the Senate from the Fourth Senatorial District

JOHN N. SHACKLEFORD

(Late a Senator from the Tenth Senatorial District)

REUBEN PERRY SHINN

(Late a Senator from the Fourth Senatorial District)

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES
DELIVERED IN THE SENATE OF
WEST VIRGINIA, APRIL 23, 1923



Charleston, 1923

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SENATE OF WEST VIRGINIA

CHARLESTON, April 23, 1923.

The hour of 2:30 o'clock, P. M., having arrived, the time heretofore fixed for appropriate memorial exercises in honor of Senator J. N. SHACKLEFORD and Senator R. P. SHINN,

Mr. Kidd presiding,

Mr. Baker offered the following:

RESOLVED, That the business of the Senate be suspended in order that an opportunity may be given members and ex-members of this Senate to pay tribute to the memories of Senator J. N. SHACKLEFORD and Senator R. P. SHINN, late members of this body, as a special mark of respect to the deceased and in recognition of their distinguished public careers. Be it further

RESOLVED, That a complete copy of the resolutions and addresses made on this occasion be furnished to the families of the deceased.

On motion of Mr. Baker the rules were suspended and the resolution was taken up for immediate consideration, read by the Clerk, and adopted.

Thereupon the Senate convened in special session for memorial exercises. in accordance with the resolution, and the following proceedings were had:

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PRAYER

CHAPLAIN S. P. CRUMMETT

Our Heavenly Father, we gather this beautiful afternoon in this place for service and duty, but in the midst of the activities and work of this session we are called upon to pause for a time to consider, think, speak and act with reference to the services of two of the comrades of this body, two fellow servants and fellow laborers together for the advancement of the interests of the State and of all that pertains thereto. While we bow submissively to this dispensation of Thy providence, we recognize our weaknesses and our shortsightedness. We cannot see far, and we know not what is coming, or when it is coming, or how, nor how soon some of us may likewise pass on and leave our places for some one else to fill. So, Heavenly Father, we pray that there may come to each of us a thoughtfulness and consideration with reference to these certainties that are before each and all of us, and to which we shall all come; that whether it come soon or late, sudden or by long lingering illness, we may be ready to pass out into the larger and richer and better life.

We pray Thy blessing, Father, upon the bereft homes of these Senators who have passed on. Do Thou grant to so comfort and console them in their hours of loneliness, in their hours of sadness and their times of helplessness when the helpers have gone, that they may look to Thee for guidance and help. Thou hast promised not only to be a father to the fatherless, but a husband to the widow.

We pray now Thy blessing upon this session and all that shall enter into it, whether of devotion or business, and may the spirit of God abide with us all in the pardoning of our sins, and the guiding of each of us to the largest and richest and best life. We ask it all with the forgiveness of our sins in the name of Christ, the Redeemer. Amen.

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ADDRESS OF MR. JOHN M. BAKER, OF ROANE COUNTY, SENATOR FROM THE FOURTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT

MR. PRESIDENT: Since the sessions of the Legislature of 1921 the Grim Reaper has visited this body and taken therefrom two of its members. It was not my pleasure to know the first one to go. Other gentlemen will speak of his life, character and worthy deeds. I shall speak only of my fallen colleague. In his death this body lost a conscientious, energetic, straight-thinking, clear-seeing and courageous member. In the sudden taking of Senator R. P. SHINN from us by the hand of Death, the State lost a valuable legislator and his associates a wise counsellor.

As evidence of the high esteem in which he was held, he was twice elected to the office of sheriff of his native county of Jackson; later was a presidential elector and lastly a member of this body. Numerous other instances might be cited to show the confidence and esteem in which he was held by his fellow men, but I content myself with mentioning these.

While all the members of this body feel the loss of Senator SHINN and will long, perhaps always, remember him and cherish that memory; yet I feel that I may take the liberty of saying that the loss is greater to those of us who enjoyed that intimate association with him that some of us were privileged to enjoy. To those to whom he was simply "Doug" SHINN, their sympathetic friend and companion, the loss is even greater. And to the immediate members of his family the loss is beyond our comprehension. My intimate association with him began nearly twenty years ago and continued uninterruptedly until his death. Shortly after the beginning of such association he and I entered a campaign for public office, and soon after the close thereof entered upon the discharge of the duties of our respective offices, and for four years were closely associated with each other. And whatever measure of success I may claim for myself as a public official at that time, I am fully conscious of the fact that he very largely contributed thereto by the fact that he performed well his duties as sheriff of his native county.

Senator SHINN was peculiarly one of the common people and believed in and trusted them. He loved mankind. He believed in and trusted humanity until he was forced to make exceptions due to the betrayal of such trust. He was endowed by nature with a forceful personality and the courage of his convictions. He possessed great energy and unusual business ability. He had breadth of vision. He became and remained for many years prior to his death a leader of men and a moulder of public opinion, and, without injustice to others, accumulated more property than it is the common lot of man to accumulate under conditions similar to those which surrounded him.

The greatest tributes of respect which have been and will be shown him, have and will come from the countless numbers who have gratefully enjoyed the generous hospitality of his home, received help in financial straits, and

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been the recipients of his gifts in time of need. Hundreds have reason for feeling grateful to him and for shedding the tears they have shed over his newly made grave. The home of "Doug" SHINN was open alike to all. His liberality was not withheld from those who did not believe as he did. When a church was to be built he did not ask what doctrines were to be promulgated therein. It was sufficient to enlist his help when he knew that the principles of Christianity were to be thereby given to mankind. He not only gave help and dispensed hospitality as one living "by the side of the road," but he went into the highways as well on the same mission.

Upon memory's canvas will long remain this picture indelibly stamped thereon by the life and character of Senator SHINN. He first opened his eyes upon this world on the 20th day of July, 1860, in the midst of and perhaps at the peak of the sectional strife that culminated in that great internecine conflict in which the armies of the Blue and Gray surged back and forth over the battle grounds now famous as monuments to that gigantic struggle. And we may well imagine, if not actually assert, that at his birth he caught some of the then prevalent feeling of devotion to duty, courage of one's convictions, visions of the future of this country and loyalty to a cause.

In his childhood dreams he heard the tramping of armed men, and there was brought to his ears upon the wings of the breeze the clash of weapons, the shouting of the victors, the lamentations of the vanquished, the weeping of women, the sorrowing of children and the prayers of the comforter. Are not we then warranted in saying that all of these things left their impress upon the life of him to whom we pay this mark of respect? We know that he was born amid rather primitive conditions and that his life was a struggle from the beginning until his form lay silent and motionless forever. We know that he spent his life in combat with nature; in fighting for the objects of his desire, and in helpfulness. When sorrow overtook his neighbors, he lent a helping hand, bowed his head in recognition of the will of God and sought to comfort the sorrowing. Into the various contests of life he threw himself with all of his strength and asked no favors except fair play. He attained his ends so far as possible; and with all he was unresentful in defeat, and when victory came was grateful to those who helped to make it possible.

As we follow the details of this picture we see him espousing the causes he believed in and standing by them to the last. There prominently stands out his sturdy, rugged honesty, and his uncompromising adherence to the right as he saw it. No less conspicuous is his loyalty to his friends and his confidence and trust in humanity. We see him seemingly possessed of his usual strength and vigor, urging action on the legislation which he thought best for his native and beloved State, and while so engaged, he is stricken with a fatal malady. Next we see him in lovable, skillful hands where by their aid he is fighting with all his strength to stay off the inevitable and final earthly end of man. With unbelievable swiftness the end came, and we mourn his loss. And, paraphrasing the language of another, I stand today among the hundreds who loved him and the thousands who lament his death.

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To you, my colleague, I commend your spirit to the One which gave it, and reluctantly consign your body to the earth from whence it came. In doing so, I do not however efface from my mind the memory of you and your kindly deeds performed while with us. I shall remember you in the vigor and strength of your manhood, and amid the flowers which surrounded you for the last time in your home with those who knew you best and loved you most, and may your spirit hover over them and comfort them in their sorrow.

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ADDRESS OF MR. JOHN KEE, OF MERCER COUNTY, SEVENTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT

MR. PRESIDENT: I feel some hesitancy in adding my tribute to the beautiful one paid to the Senator by his colleague, or saying anything in reference to the memory of JOHN N. SHACKLEFORD. What I might say cannot detract from nor add to their past, which they so well and nobly wrought for themselves. Yet, knowing them as I did, knowing both of them in their lifetime, I cannot refrain from placing one tribute, like a forget-me-not, upon the altar of their remembrance in testimony of the goodness and virtues of those men whom we have known and whom we have lost.

I shall speak of them rather as personal friends of mine, and not so much as to their public life and their public efforts during their lifetime.

I was born and raised in the little country town that was the home of Senator JOHN N. SHACKLEFORD. I knew him from my early boyhood up until the day of his death. I knew him when he was surrounded by his friends and by those who loved and cared for him, and who admired his sterling qualities. I knew him in his home life, and I knew him in his public life, and he stood head and shoulders with the most stalwart men of our country. He stood first in the love of those by whom he was surrounded. His home life was ideal. His public life was characterized by that honesty and directness of purpose that was known to characterize the life of JOHN N. SHACKLEFORD from the time he reached manhood until death called him.

While I knew Senator SHINN for only a few brief weeks, yet during that time he so impressed upon me his personality that I was able to call him a friend. I was impressed from the time I met Senator SHINN with his rugged personality, with his innate honesty, with his sterling qualities, with his ability, with his absolute justness and fairness. In this Senate I have never seen him influenced by the dictates of political expediency. It seemed that at all times his vote and his efforts were for the public good and for public righteousness. He represented not only the people of his district, but he represented the people of the entire State.

The State of West Virginia suffered a great loss when these two men were called to go down into the valley of the shadow of death. It has sometimes occurred to us how wonderful and how strange death is, and how strange are the rules of Providence. We wonder at it and we cannot understand. Sometimes it seems that the worthy are taken, and the unworthy are left. We cannot understand why Divine Providence should take from us men of this character in the prime of life. We go through life drifting and groping like a little child in the darkness, reaching out our hands, however, for the One above to guide us and direct us, hoping that the acts of the God who rules over us are all for the best, and that some day we will be led into the light. But above the darkness of the tomb, above all the shadows that fall upon us, there gleams forever the rainbow of the eternal home, and that is our knowledge of the immortality of the soul. It is not merely a hope. It is an absolute fact.

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Only a few months ago we saw the beautiful carpet of green out in our fields turn to dead brown; we saw the flowers fade and die and their fragrance depart; we saw the leaves turn red and then to brown, and drop upon the cold, damp earth, as though the living things of nature were dead. But now under the influence of the bright sunshine, those dead things of nature burst forth into beautiful foliage, into wonderful bloom, and into flowers bright and sweet as the poet's song.

It is thus with friends. We mourn today for those to whom we pay tribute. They have but passed away for a little while, and sometime we shall meet them again.

I sometimes think that death is not the sombre thing that we dream of at times. I believe when the time comes that we shall go down, that we will not find anything to be dreaded, but we will find the wonderful valley along which will flow the River of Life, and down that valley will stretch a wondrous way, bordered by trees through which the sunlight will make beautiful patterns below in the valley where the roses and jessamine lend their fragrant perfume, and we will be met by those we have loved and lost, and who will take us by the hand and lead us into the land of perpetual peace.

When we consider the lives of these men, we know that when they were called, out of the shadow soft and low came the voice of the Master who said, "What have you done in this day I gave to you," that each of them answered "My best."

We can say of these two who have gone into the shadows, as of the noblest Roman of them all,

"His life so gentle and the elements in him were so mixed that nature might stand up and say to all the world, here was a man."

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ADDRESS OF MR. GEORGE W. BOWERS, OF MARION COUNTY, ELEVENTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT

MR. PRESIDENT, AND MEMBERS OF THE SENATE OF WEST VIRGINIA: We are called to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the memory of one who has been called from our ranks, and to us all must come the solemn reminder of the frailty of human life.

I cannot permit this opportunity to pass without adding my humble and heartfelt tribute to the memory of my friend, the late Senator from the Fourth District. And, indeed, he was my friend, as I was his.

Coming to the Senate together in 1921, we soon found we were in accord on many matters of public interest, and the acquaintance then formed ripened into a friendship that continued until his death.

Can those of us among the eighteen Senators remaining who were present at the meeting when Senator SHINN was taken ill, ever forget how, without warning, the Grim Reaper entered our midst and placed his icy finger on the one who seemed most unlikely to be called? How almost in the twinkling of an eye his sturdy form was prostrated?

Senator SHINN was a man of strong and positive convictions; a man of keen insight into human affairs. True it is he was not always in agreement with all the members of this body, but there never was a criticism of Senator SHINN when he took his stand on any question, because, my friends, everyone here recognized that he chose the right as he saw it, and stood by his convictions like the stalwart man he was.

To the people of his district his untimely taking off comes as a shock of personal bereavement. He loved his district and its people, and they, by their votes, had on more than one occasion demonstrated their confidence in him. He was indeed a faithful servant of his people.

Missed by his acquaintances, deeply lamented by his friends, his association with us here will ever be among our most cherished memories.

Every life ends an unfinished voyage. Our last port of call is never reached. However great our accomplishments, the journey ends with the most coveted ports far away on the distant horizon. And so it was with Senator SHINN. His life journey, as he had planned it, was not complete. Apparently in vigorous health and but little past the three score mark, he might well plan for an active career for a long period ahead. But it was not to be. God in His infinite plan called him from his earthly labors to a better and fairer world beyond.

The world is the better for REUBEN PERRY SHINN having lived in it.

Farewell to you, our friend. We miss your kindly face, your friendly solicitude, your never-failing loyalty to the cause of right.

"The bravest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennoble all.
The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells;
The book of life the shining record tells."

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ADDRESS OF MR. HARRY H. DARNALL, OF CABELL COUNTY, FIFTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE: A few months ago I saw nature wrapped in the shroud of winter, and slip into seemingly an endless sleep. A few days ago I saw her breath again in the valleys and on these surrounding hills from beneath a coverlet of beautiful green, and where the rivers skirted the edge of the blanket it was fringed with the white and blue violets, the first messengers of spring.

Our Creator was only causing the scenery of life to be shifted and was arranging for another play. A few days ago I saw a man in the full strength of years performing his part as a member of this body. An unbidden messenger came and with a gentle touch upon the shoulder she summoned him to answer the Creator's call.

He left us and went away.

I looked today down the pathway of life to the end of the stretch where the footsteps of mortality cease their travels and across the space I saw two travelers who have finished the journey, one welcoming the other. I find them the colleagues who have gone before.

To some of us they seem to be so hopelessly far away that some have called it the "Land of Out-of-Reach." Do you think them out of reach? No. By my own dead I deny your out-of-reach. Be comforted; it's not too far to die. By their well-remembered smiles and welcoming speech they wait for us today thousands of miles this side of out-of-reach.

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ADDRESS OF MR. R. F. KIDD, OF GILMER COUNTY, TENTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT

(Mr. Baker, Presiding.)

MR. PRESIDENT: So much has been said, and so well said, that I might be content to drop a tear upon the bier of these two deceased friends. But it is meet that we lay aside our duties for the moment, forgetting our passions, our political prejudices, and join together in paying tribute to the memory of our departed brothers.

To me, the sweetest thing in life is to watch the rose of friendship grow and bloom across party walls, and shed its beauty and its sweetness alike upon Republicans and Democrats. Today we forget that we are anything but West Virginians and Americans. It was such men as those to whom we pay tribute this evening that have builded up our State and our government, and we look out this evening over our fair country, extending from where God's perpetual bow of peace glorifies Niagara's cliff, to our southern sea-girt lines where divine blessings make it seem an Eden of beauty and perfection; from Plymouth Rock, where the eastern song of the sea begins her morning's music, to the far-away Pacific, where the very tides murmur an evening benediction upon our beloved land as they roll out beneath the setting sun, and we ask whence it all came. Did it drop down from the heavens above? Or, upward spring from the soft greensward? And the answer comes that it was builded by those who endured hardship and toil and the shedding of blood.

And so it is to such men as we mourn this evening who have borne their part in the upbuilding of these.

One of them was my life-long friend and predecessor in office. The other I had known for some years.

I remember the kindness of Senator SHINN. Years ago, when I was much younger than I am now, sent by my party over into his county to try to convert it, he took me by the hand and said, "Young man, you will have a hard job, but I am your friend while you are here." And he treated me so kindly and so sweetly that he won my love. He was my friend in this Senate, and just before he left me at the elevator to go down to hold a conference with his party conferees, he said to me that his heart was fixed upon certain measures that he wanted brought upon the floor of the Senate, and if he could not get it done, he asked if I would assist him here in getting those bills out, and the last thing he said was, "I will not be swayed by any man's lash. I intend to represent my people." And as I gave him the promise of help, I left him at the elevator, and by the time I got to my hotel I received a telephone message that the fatal dart had struck him down.

I remember him because he was a rugged, honest man. Both of these Senators were rugged, honest men who loved their State and their people. They were in many respects alike, and they are gone.

It has been well said,

"When a good man dies, far beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind, falls upon the paths of men."

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If that be true, the light that they have thrown across our pathway will lead us through devious ways of government and in our country's making.

These men left their impress and their influence. We all have some influence somewhere. When a man dies, he leaves an influence for good or bad. It has been said,

"No stream from its source flows seaward, however lonely its course, but some land is gladdened thereby; no star ever rose and set without casting its influence somewhere; no life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be sweeter and purer and better thereby."

If this is true,—and who will deny it?—these two eminent Senators have made the world better by their living.

Senator SHACKLEFORD was born on the 18th of February, 1860, in Upshur County. He departed this life on his birthday—on the 18th day of February, 1922.

Long before the civil war there came across from the Albemarle region of Virginia, a colony of people who settled in the county of Upshur. Next, down from the New England States came another colony and settled in that county. Those two strains of people carved out beautiful homes, builded schoolhouses and churches, and erected a civilization in that county that has not been surpassed in any county in the United States. From that strain came my friend, Senator SHACKLEFORD.

In our boyhood days I worked with him on the farm; I went to school with him; I taught him and with him. He came to my county, and we have been in business together; we have lived on adjoining lots for years, and I have known him well. He lived four-square to all the world. Honest in all of his dealings and in all of his transactions, he ever looked to the good and the welfare of the people.

In his last sickness, I had been away from home, and when I got home late at night, he sent for me. I went to his room. He was suffering very severely, but he said, "By Spring I will be well. I have an unfinished work in the Senate of West Virginia. I want to know if you will stand for a member of the House of Delegates so you can come down and join with me and accomplish these things." I saw then that the icy hand of Death was creeping on him. Later when I went back and saw him, he said, "Tell me all about these things. I want to hear you talk, but it pains me to talk."

He met death as he had met life. To show you the characteristics of the man: He joined the Baptist church after the death of his wife, and he was to be baptized on a Sunday. He found that he could not reach home in time to be at the church, and he sent his minister this telegram: "Am detained. Meet me at the bar." That was the bar at the river. So he was baptized there in the limpid waters of that stream, on a beautiful autumnal day. And let us hope that when his soul went out, he met at the bar on the other side, those who had loved and cherished him in life.

As he said, he had an unfinished work. And that will be the result of all of us, because there has been an age-long strife between right and wrong. It has been beautifully said:

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“Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne;
But that scaffold sways the future,
And in the dim behind,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.”

He said that we will have better things. And that will be true. I am an optimist. I believe today is better than yesterday, and tomorrow will be better than today. I believe that by reason of such lives as these, the world is better. I believe already

“There is a fount about to flow; there is a light about to glow.
Midnight darkness is changing into morning's gray.
Men of thought and men of action, clear the way.”

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ADDRESS OF MR. CHARLES G. COFFMAN, OF HARRISON COUNTY, TWELFTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT

MR. PRESIDENT: Senator REUBEN PERRY SHINN, while not permitted to attain an unusual old age, was privileged to live a very full life. Born and reared on a farm in a great grazing and agricultural county, as a boy and young man he lived in the open and communed with nature until he developed the splendid physique that blessed him through life. Here, like most of our country's splendid men, he breathed pure and invigorating air, drank from the clear and sparkling waters of our mountain streams, learned the rules of honor, characteristic of the Virginia yeoman, and formed that splendid Christian character which lived with him to the end. Nature having blessed him with physical endurance, placed into his soul zeal, energy and ambition, he was destined to be a leader of his fellowman.

Unlike many young men of this age, he remained true to his early environment—the farm. While he was successful in numerous walks of life and was to a considerable extent cosmopolitan in his business endeavors, yet my association with him led me to believe that his greatest admiration was for the farm. He loved to see the golden grains of the field wafted by nature's balmy breezes, while the rays of the rising sun kissed away the morning dew drops. The broad meadows through which wended the crystal mountain stream and the large acreage of blue grass upon which hundreds of cattle fed, seemed to bring out his greatest business enthusiasm. As a stockman, Senator SHINN probably had few superiors in this great commonwealth. To see purebred cattle grazing upon the green fields of blue grass sod stretching over mountains, hills and valleys brought forth to him a wonderful admiration. However, he did not confine his business activities to stock raising alone, for he was interested in one of the largest retail mercantile establishments in this State, and was a most careful and successful banker.

Being a man of ability, honor and character, Senator SHINN was chosen by his fellow citizens to be their political leader. He was singly honored and entrusted as few men are honored and entrusted. Early in life he was appointed deputy sheriff and while in that capacity so ingratiated himself as an official, that he was soon elected to the responsible office of high sheriff of his county. Being a Republican in politics, when his party needed a county chairman to lead it to victory, it looked to and chose "Doug" SHINN. But his party would not let him stop there, for soon thereafter he was made a member of the Congressional Committee, and in 1916 when he had become one of his party's State leaders, he was chosen and elected a Presidential Elector and cast his vote for that great jurist and statesman, Charles Evan Hughes. Having been so true to every trust bestowed upon him, the people of his senatorial district in 1920, by a large majority, elected him to the State Senate.

Here it was, as a member of this body and of the judiciary committee, we learned to know him, love him, admire and adore him, and came to realize his splendid and unerring judgment, his love for the right and for mankind, and

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his true and even Christian character. He was a most valuable member to this body and all committees upon which he served.

It might be consoling to his home friends and relatives to know that the end came most peacefully—with no suffering—becoming unconscious in possibly three minutes from the time he was stricken. Sitting by his side when the Great God of Mercy knocked at his door, it became my privilege to give first assistance; unconscious of suffering he came into the world, unconscious of suffering he went out of the world.

Senator JOHN N. SHACKLEFORD, with whom I did not have the pleasure of serving in this branch of the Legislature, represented an adjoining district to my own. That he was a man of character, ability and honor, and true to every trust imposed upon him, was verified by his popularity among his constituents and by the respect and esteem of all those who knew him. Born and brought up in the interior of the State where mountains rear their lofty peaks, where pure and delicious waters flow, where mountains, streams, birds and roaming animals give lessons of everlasting freedom, Senator SHACKLEFORD received his first impressions of life. Such environments laid the foundation of his pure character, his honesty and integrity and his love of freedom.

The departure of Senators SHINN and SHACKLEFORD was a distinct loss to their State, their respective districts, counties and communities, but their impressions live. Then, in the language of a great teacher, "O! death where is thy sting, O! grave where is thy victory."

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ADDRESS OF MR. CLYDE B. JOHNSON, OF KANAWHA COUNTY, EIGHTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT

MR. PRESIDENT: It seems that little is left to say in honor and kindly remembrance of the two members of the Senate whom death has taken from this body. It so happened that I knew them both better than it is usually given to a man to know two men; not whose deaths are being recalled, but whose lives and achievements are being commemorated at the same time.

I remember when, as almost a boy, I began to take interest in things political, when, in the old so-called "Shoestring" Fourth Congressional District, I began to make the acquaintance of young men of my own political party who came from the counties that composed that district. And my recollection goes back to those days when, coming down with the delegation from Gilmer county, adding life and sparkle to it, was a young man that you could always look to for leadership—to put life into a convention, and to tell you the truth. That was JOHN N. SHACKLEFORD, who was afterwards chosen by the people of his district to represent them in this body.

He was a man of great natural power. When, as we were reminded by the distinguished Senator from Gilmer (Mr. Kidd), we recall the fact that he had his birth and beginning of life back in the old county of Upshur, where there mingled some of the finest strains of American blood to help to carve out a civilization surpassed by none, we cannot be surprised at the success that he achieved.

He was a man of fine personality and fine character. I remember well some twelve or fifteen years ago when the malady that finally carried him away first laid its hand upon him, and I went to see him as he languished in St. Luke's Hospital, in Parkersburg, how bright and cheerful he was. That was at the time when he lost, as the result of that illness, one of his limbs, but there was never a complaint. When I dropped in to see him—which was quite often while he was there confined—it was always life and snap and cheer and encouragement.

While not being permitted to serve with him as a member of this body, I had the pleasure of living in the same city where he served the State as a member of this Senate, and I am deeply impressed, as we consider his life and services this afternoon, with the fact that he was a useful Senator; he was a conscientious, industrious, able representative of his district, and when he passed from public service, his loss was a serious one to the State and to his district.

MR. PRESIDENT, the death of Senator SHINN brought to me also a very real sense of personal loss. My acquaintance with him dates back to my young manhood, and covers a quarter of a century. The fact that our paths diverged politically did not interfere with our close personal friendship, and I always had the greatest respect for his sterling honesty, and for those rugged qualities of manhood which made him a leader of men. When Senator SHINN reached a conclusion on any question, you might not agree with it, but you were compelled to respect it as the opinion of an honest man. Always deliberate and careful in decision, when he once took a position he was as firm as adamant.

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But with all of his firmness and strength of character he had the heart of a child in its kindness and affection for others. This side of the Senator from Jackson came to be appreciated by us who served with him in this body, where the real qualities of head and heart quickly develop.

A more industrious and useful member has not occupied a seat in this Senate since I have known its membership. His district, and the entire State, have sustained a severe loss. And we can scarcely believe that he is gone. I find myself looking across to his chair, and listening for his vote on the roll-call.

Death touched REUBEN PERRY SHINN in the hour of his greatest success—his largest usefulness—and in the full strength of his manhood. But who can say that he would not have chosen to have it so? To go painlessly, and almost in the flash of an eye from apparent rugged health, and from the arena of active life, to that perfect rest, which after all is God's greatest gift? With the exception of my friend, the Senator from Taylor, who attended him professionally, I was the last member of the Senate to see him alive. When I learned that he had been stricken I hurried to his bedside. I knew he was dying, passing unconsciously and without pain, to the solution of life's greatest mystery—death. No long illness, no pain, no conscious loss of strength and powers—just a single step from a full life to a fuller life. While I could not restrain the tears, yet I thought, what a beautiful death to die, and my silent prayer was that my end might be like his.

Our friend has but “wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and laid down to pleasant dreams.”

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. T. P. HILL, OF TYLER COUNTY, SECOND SENATORIAL DISTRICT

MR. PRESIDENT, FELLOW SENATORS AND FRIENDS: We meet this afternoon to do honor to one of our fellow members who has answered the last roll call, and has left in our chamber saddened hearts and a vacant chair.

In the discharge of duty to his people and State the summons came to Senator SHINN, and as he fell into the arms of his colleagues, with but a few brief words, the call was answered, the book was closed, life's work was done.

Born on a farm in the interior of Mason county, this State, he was reared amidst those surroundings conducive to the development of true character and manhood. The story of his life is the story of a plain, honest, manly citizen, believing with all the strength of his mighty soul in the institutions of his county and State. He had sublime faith in his people. He walked with them and among them. He recognized the importance and power of public sentiment, and was guided by it. "My people want this," or "My people are opposed to that," were expressions used by him, familiar to us all.

While he had only a limited education, he had graduated in the college of experience, and had learned to know and to appreciate the importance of our public institutions. And while he was a friend to all our schools, I venture the assertion that the less fortunate boys and girls, located in the more remote and poorer districts of our State, had no truer friend or more liberal supporter than Senator SHINN.

He accommodated, trusted, and befriended his people, and they, in turn, had confidence in him, and honored him as very few men have been honored. He had twice been nominated and elected Sheriff of his county. He had been chosen as Presidential Elector from his congressional district, and at the time of his death he was serving his district as State Senator. The fact that he had been so loyally supported by his people, shows the implicit confidence they had in his ability and integrity.

As a business man he was a success, and was said to be the heaviest taxpayer in Jackson county. He was a successful farmer and stockman. As president of his bank, he labored for the success of his institution.

In all these places the influence of his guiding hand will most assuredly be missed, but nowhere shall sadness and sorrow fall so heavily as in the home from which a devoted husband and loving father has so suddenly been taken.

His death came as a shock to us all. I take it that I can safely judge the feelings of sorrow and sadness of my fellow senators, by those of myself, and I can most truly assure you that in his demise I feel keenly the great loss of a personal friend; but, with it, I feel that I am a better man, and a more careful representative of the people because of my acquaintance and experience with Senator SHINN.

We were told by former Speaker of the House of Delegates, Luther Wolfe, that because of his wide business relations, the sudden death of Senator SHINN would probably bring direct inconvenience to at least one thousand people in Jackson county.

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Judge O'Brien said that he not only helped others, but that he had the faculty of showing others how to help themselves.

His warm personal friend and business associate, Captain Walker, said that he was ever a faithful and untiring worker in all his corporate or company affairs, without even the thought of pay or compensation for his services, except those derived as a result of the success of the business, and shared equally by all concerned.

As a member of the committee named by the President of the Senate to accompany the remains of Senator SHINN to his late home in Ripley, and to carry to his friends and relatives your message of sorrow and condolence, I beg to say that we met a saddened community and a heart-broken family, and in this message today I trust we may bring back to you a touch of their grief and sadness.

And as we again recall his sudden death, and by the power of imagination we see that newly made grave in the cemetery at Fairplain, let us ask ourselves these questions, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

And then through the vision of the poet let us see the beauty of these lines, and from them secure comfort and consolation:

"There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They rise for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

'There is no death! An angel form
Walked in our hall with silent tread;
He bore our most-loved friend away,
And then, we called him 'dead.'

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead."

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ADDRESS OF MR. JOHN S. DARST, OF KANAWHA COUNTY,

MR. PRESIDENT: If I may be permitted to do so, I should like to pay a brief tribute to a life-long friend whom I loved because of his courage and loyalty. Thirty years ago, when I attended for the first time a Republican convention in Jackson county, my attention was attracted by a young man of strong physique and wonderful energy, and whose personality I felt would wield a mighty influence in his community. Later, when I was a candidate for member of the House of Delegates and visited the people of Jackson county, "Doug" SHINN not only extended a cordial welcome, but entertained me at his home, which was then some ten miles back of Ripley. It was Sunday, and during the day there were many callers. I wondered at the great number of people who came to see him, and mentioned it to him, and he said, "This is a pioneer country; these people are poor, and they are settling in the back part of Jackson county, and they come to me with many of their wants." What impressed me at the time was the willingness of "Doug" SHINN to hear the story of the man who seemed to be down and out and with scarcely enough clothes to make a respectable appearance. But Mr. SHINN listened to him, and I later learned that there were hundreds and hundreds of people in that county who had been helped by Senator SHINN. He not only loaned them money, but, being a businessman, he helped them in a business way and taught them to help themselves.

In all his dealings Senator SHINN was absolutely dependable. I knew him in business as well as in political affairs, and I feel that I have lost a great personal friend. I know that Jackson county has lost one of its best citizens, and his many friends mourn his death.

(President Shaffer presiding.)

As a further mark of respect to the two deceased Senators in commemoration of whose lives the special services were held, on motion of Mr. Johnson, the Senate adjourned until April 24, 1923.



